# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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## Choice Poetry.

### THE LOVER TO HIS DEPARTING LOVED ONE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Thou art leaving us all, love, and much may befall, love,
To weep and to wean thee from infancy's ties;
Thou wilt tread fairer places, and see brighter faces,
And fondness and beauty will dazzle thine eyes.
Thou hast promised thine heart, love, but now, ere we part, love,
Take back all the vows thou hast given to me;
They were made in our joy, love, as girl and as boy, love,
When the moonlight was gilding the old hawthorn tree.

We have grown up together like green moss and heather
Our hands were entwined ere our footsteps were sure;
But the dreams of our youth, love, too often, forsooth, love,
Are painted in colors that will not endure.
And now thou art going where life will be glowing
With all the enchantment thou longest to see;
And a rarer Elysian may shut from thy vision
Our fairy romance and the old hawthorn tree.

If thou findest another whose presence can smother
Our earliest word and our latest adieu;
Thou had'st better be breaking thy word than be taking
An altar to serve where thou could'st not be true.
I'd have thee forget, love, if aught of regret, love,
Should come with the thought that thy will is not free;
Oh! I'd have thee forget, love, that ever we met, love,
With promise and pledge 'neath the old hawthorn tree.

Think not I would gain thee if beauty but chain thee,
Think not that I deem thee unchangeably mine;
Should'st thou love one more dearly, oh! tell me sincerely,
And my hopes and my claims I will sadly resign.
For my heart, while possessing its coveted blessing,
Would bitterly bleed, if Affection could see
That thy young love had vanished, and feelings were banished,
That gladdened my soul 'neath the old hawthorn tree.

I see by thy smile, love, thou'rt thinking the while, love,
That thou wilt return with thy spirit the same;
And perchance I am wrong, love, in breathing a song, love,
That shadows one moment thy well-cherished name.
So I'll tell thee no more, love, but that I adore, love,
With passion as fervent as passion can be;
And that if thou'lt come, love, unchanged to thy home, love,
We'll have orange bloom twined with the old hawthorn tree.

## Original Novelet.

### EOLINE: OR, MAGNOLIA VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, AUTHOR OF "LINDA," "RENA," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Horace Cleveland returned from Cuba's sea-bound shore, with the remains of his mother, whose last prayer was that she might be buried in her native soil. She had sought health in a foreign clime, and found death among its spicy breezes and tropic flowers. As her son was borne homeward over the tossing billows, with his silent and uncoffined companion, he communed in secret with his life's first, great sorrow. Ever reserved and undemonstrative, no one dreamed of the intensity of affection he bore his mother, till he hung over her dying bed. He knew it not himself, for he had never sounded the depths of his own heart. In the pure intellectuality of his existence, he had suffered the fountains of feeling to lie far, far below the surface, imparting neither freshness, beauty, or bloom to the eye; but swollen by the waters of sorrow, the springs gushed and welled up, forming an overflowing Nile, on which the Lotus might float, and the Lily gleam. And even now, as he sat, with folded arms, and calm, thoughtful brow, by the side of the unburied dead, a stranger might have thought him cold and insensible. It is said there are sermons in running brooks, and in the way-side flower, but there is an eloquence in death, all voiceless as it is, that preaches as brook and flower never yet have preached. Strange as it may seem, life, in its fullest, broadest sense, was in this instance born of death. When the strongest earthly tie he had yet known was broken, he felt the immortality of the affections, since they survived the ruins of mind. Reason wandered, judgment grew weak, imagination dim; but love survived the wreck. She clung to him, as the sheet-anchor of her heart, while the waves and billows of death washed over her, and he thus learned the unconquerable nature of human love. Strange, too, behind the image of his dead mother, he always beheld the living Eoline. She came upon his memory, a Phœnix, rising from the ashes of death, and brightening its gloom. He remembered his visit to Magnolia Vale, and the alliance of friendship which had succeeded the cold reserve existing between them. When he caught the first glimpse of his father's lordly villa, and immediately turned to the twin-built mansion of Mr. Glenmore, his heart throbbed at the hope of soon meeting there the lately banished Eoline.

Mr. Glenmore came to sympathise with his widowed friend. Horace asked after his daughter, as if confident that she was restored to his affection.

"Name her not," exclaimed the father, with a darkening brow. "She is nothing to me now and never can be. The door of reconciliation is forever closed, *forever*."

He was too proud to tell Horace of his slighted overtures, preferring that he should think him the most vindictive and implacable of human beings, rather than that he should know that his offers of reconciliation had been treated with disdain.

Horace, who had been reading law at the University of Gottingen, during his residence in Europe, was now anxious to enter on the active duties of his profession. He longed to throw himself into the battle of life, and test the keenness and strength of the weapons he had been whetting and tempering for the gladiatorial strife of mind. Before seeking the arena he had selected, he resolved to visit Eoline, since he was permitted to do so as a friend, and see if the eagle wings of her spirit had not yet drooped in their unaccustomed flight.

"Perhaps, when she learns that I am going to leave my home," thought he; "she may be induced to return, and the father cannot banish her a second time. Implacable as he seems to be, he still loves her, and I see well that this unnatural separation has added more than one furrow to his brow."

"Father is gone away," said little Willie, when Horace called the day before his departure to bid him farewell," "but *Ela*'s at home."

Willie had always been fond of Horace. Indeed he was one of those slender, fibrous plants, whose delicate, spreading roots cling to the surrounding soil with closeness and tenacity. Now he had some misgivings about Horace, for, though he did not understand the family compact which had bound him to Eoline, he had heard his father talk, and Mrs. Howe and Gatty talk, and he knew a great deal more than they imagined the child thought of. From all he had gathered he had come to the conviction that if Horace had loved Eoline as he ought, as everybody ought to do, she would never have left him, sisterless, to mourn.

"What for did you let sister Ela go away?" he asked, when Horace took him in his lap, and stroked back his beautiful auburn hair.

"I could not keep her from going," replied Horace, with embarrassment. "I was not even here when she went."

"Yes, but you could, though. I heard father say so. He said you didn't love her, and that was the reason she wouldn't stay. How could you help loving Ela? What's the reason you don't love her?"

Willie fixed his eyes steadily on the face of Horace, that reddened under his gaze. He knew not how to reply to the straight-forward and earnest child, but he said, evasively,

"It is Ela that does not love me. That alters the case very much."

"But you don't answer my question," persisted the boy. "I'll ask it another way. You don't hate Ela, do you?"

"No, indeed. Heaven forbid. Surely you never heard anybody say that I did?"

"Yes—but I have, though. I don't know whether it was father, or Mrs. Howe, or Gatty. Somebody did. But I know it isn't true. I couldn't love you if it was."

"I am going to see Eoline to-morrow, Willie," said Horace, anxious to change the current of Willie's thoughts. "What shall I tell her from you?"

"Tell her to come back with you. Tell her to come back," cried the child, enthusiastically. "Tell her it isn't home without her. Nobody's the same they were before she went away. This is the way father looks all the time." Willie contracted his smooth brow and tried to make a miniature horse-shoe. "The flowers don't look half so sweet, for nobody takes care of them as she did. My hair don't curl as pretty, because she isn't here to twist it round her fingers. And I'm not half as good as I was," said little Willie, sorrowfully, and lowering his tone, "for nobody listens to know if God hears my prayers or not. I say them every night, but Mrs. Howe goes to sleep sometimes. Sister Ela carried up my prayers to Heaven herself, for she looked up there to see them go, and held my hands in hers all the time."

Surely never were a sister's praises so innocently, yet so eloquently breathed. Horace felt their glow in his heart, and self-reproach and sorrow were there, too, for had he not, by a coldness and indifference he might forever vainly rue, deprived this beautiful and loving boy of the sister he worshipped?

"I will tell her all you say, and do all I can to persuade her to return for your sake," cried Horace, rising to depart.

"Will you tell her you love her?" said Willie, laying his left cheek on the hand of Horace, and looking beseechingly in his eyes.

"She would be angry if I did," replied he, turning away from the little inquisitor.

"No she wouldn't—but don't go yet," said Willie, following him. "Come into the garden and get some flowers for Ela. She loves them so dearly. Then they are her own flowers—and tell her I sent them. She will think them sweet, I know."

He pulled Horace along with him into the garden, and began eagerly gathering the fairest and best. Horace became interested in the task. His mother loved flowers, and he had frequently brought the rich blossoms of the tropic bowers, and laid them on her sick couch. But it was the first time he had ever culled one for Eoline, though the betrothed of his childhood, and there was a charm in the office which he could not explain. They were to be offered in Willie's name, and she should not be made to prize them less by knowing that his hands had assisted to pluck them. Willie would have put the whole garden, and the green-house, too, into a bouquet, if Horace could have carried it, and he mourned when compelled to stop, after having arrived at the limits of human compressibility.

"Tell her I kissed them," cried the boy, pressing them again and again to his rosy lips, while his sweet eyes filled with tears—"and she must kiss them, too."

Thus embalmed, the offering of fraternal love was borne away by Horace, and its fragrance and bloom kept alive by the most devoted attention. As he travelled on horseback, it required some skill to dispose of the bouquet. He could not put it in his valise, for it would wither,—he did not like to carry it in his hands lest it should make him look too foppish, but it was a sacred offering, and he would not leave it behind;—so winding a wet handkerchief round the stems, he endured the shame for the sake of the pleasure he hoped to impart, and every time he stopped he took care to saturate the linen afresh, and awake the flowers to new life. So carefully did he watch them, so tenderly did he nurse, that he grew to love them, for the care he bestowed, and instead of one *Picciola*, he had a cluster to gladden his solitary journey. They were redolent with memories of Eoline, that noble, beautiful Eoline, whom his more than Indian stoicism had made an alien from her home, and on whom he had imposed a lot of toil, perhaps misery.

It was night when he arrived at Montebello. By going through the woods, he had condensed a two days carriage journey into one. As he entered the hotel he met crowds of people going out, as if in a great hurry, and he could hear them say one to another—

"I fear we shall be too late for seats."

While at supper, the landlord, an officiously polite gentleman, remarked—

"I suppose you are going to attend the concert, to-night."

"Where?"

"At the Magnolia Vale Seminary. There will be a great crowd, and I fear you will find it difficult to get a good place—that is, if you intend to go. If you are a stranger in this part of the country, I would advise you by all means to attend, for they say there never was such music heard before, as you will have a chance of listening to there."

"Indeed!" said Horace, shrinking at the thought of the refined and high-bred daughter of Glenmore, being compelled to exhibit herself before a promiscuous and crowded assembly. "What celebrated musicians are there?"

"Why, there's the young music teacher, a Miss Glenmore, whose father they say is as rich as a Crœsus, and who turned her out of doors because she wouldn't marry a young man she didn't like. That's the girl for me. I would walk forty miles to see such a one, if she was as ugly as you please—but this young lady is the prettiest creature I ever saw in my life, and sings like a dozen mocking-birds put together. All the young men who attended the Examination have been raving about her, and say they pity the stupid fellow she ran away from."

Horace hastily rose from the table. The words of the loquacious landlord were daggers to him. He felt as if he were known, and that the remarks were uttered by design.

"Then there's the handsome young gentleman that teaches singing, too," continued the host; "he sings like a nightingale as well as she. If report speaks true, the two nightingales will sing in one cage before long."

"Of what gentleman are you speaking?" asked Horace, a strange pang shooting through his heart.

"His name is St. Leon," replied the landlord. "It is no doubt he makes believe to be a teacher there, for reasons best known to himself, but suspected by all. He boards with us, and he cares no more how much money he spends, than if it were so much sand. He told me, when he first came, that he was going to pass the Summer in travelling—but it seems he could not get a step beyond this place. But, sir, I beg your pardon—I think I have seen your face before. Did you not stop here in the Winter, and inquire the way to the Seminary? I think you passed the night here."

Horace answered by a distant bow.

"An acquaintance of Miss Manly's, or perhaps of Miss Glenmore herself?"

With another cold, silent bow, Horace sought the door.

"The Colonel is a wonderful woman," continued the gentleman, facetiously, "we are all very proud of her school. There is not such another this side of the Alleghany. She made a speech this evening, at the close of her Examination, that, they say, beat all the stump speeches ever heard in the land of pine woods. If she were a candidate for Congress, I've no doubt she would be elected by an overwhelming majority. Oh! she's a great woman—our Colonel is."

Horace at last escaped to his room, where he could shake off the dust of the traveller, and make himself a fitting guest for Miss Manly's crowded halls. Never had he felt in such a state of nervous agitation. One moment he resolved to return at once, without exposing himself to the hazard of being known as the young man, the "stupid fellow," from whom the young heiress of Glenmore had fled; the next, he was urged by an irresistible desire to see Eoline, blushing in maiden beauty, before the gaze of hundreds, by the side of the handsome and melodious St. Leon. He wanted to behold this disguised hero, this spendthrift lover, this rare bird of song, whose magic notes were said to have captivated the heart that perhaps might have been his, had he not chilled it with the coldness of polar ice.

He was tempted to throw away the flowers, fearing they would draw attention to himself—but the remembrance of Willie's pleading eyes and tearful messages glued them to his hand. He could not cast them aside. When he approached the Seminary and saw the crowd around the building, he gathered confidence in the hope of passing unnoticed. It looked like an illuminated castle, with its myriad windows, brilliantly lighted, and its lofty towers leaning against the starry sky. Just as he reached the door a sudden flood of melody rolling over the throng, drowned the buzz of mingling voices, and caused such a rush and pressure inwards, that Horace found himself borne along, with scarcely any effort of his own. Gaining a window not far from the platform, he jumped on to its sill, and drawing back as far as possible in the embrasure, gazed upon a scene, which seemed to him more like a dream of the imagination than a living actuality. A very elevated platform ran along the whole breadth of the hall, and was separated from it by a row of classic pillars, which were all decorated for the occasion with garlands of evergreen and flowers. Two flights of steps, covered with green cloth, one on each side, led up to this elevation, and a chandelier suspended above, mingled its lustre with the lamps burning beneath.

Miss Manly sat in the centre, on a chair raised so as to resemble a throne or dais, and looked down in her majesty on the throng below. No Queen, surrounded by her court, ever bore a loftier presence or carried herself more royally, than the Principal of the Magnolia Vale Seminary. Certainly no Queen ever felt more proud of her subjects or reigned with a more absolute dominion over them. She was dressed for the evening with unusual splendor, and held her ivory fan as if it were a sceptre. On each side of her the pupils were arranged in semicircular order, standing, the taller nearer to her, and gradually diminishing in height as they diverged from the great central luminary. Their uniform was white muslin, relieved by sashes of cerulean hue, and almost all were decorated with some favorite flower. There they stood, these young girls, in their white, flowing robes and azure ribbons, with their sweet flowers, all radiant in juvenility and innocence, so bright, so joyous, that it made one's heart ache to look at them and think those morning blossoms of life should ever be exposed to the mildew and the storm, or worse than all, to the cold, bitter frost. In the centre, just in front of Miss Manly, whose lofty position prevented her from being concealed, appeared Eoline, seated at the piano, in the same celestial livery of white and blue. The music leaves unfolded before her, partially concealed her from the gaze of the audience, but this slight screen did not intercept the view of Horace, who beheld her with sensations such as woman had never before inspired in his breast. Never had she seemed so dazzlingly fair, so softly, yet resplendently lovely. He looked as Adam looked when he beheld the new-made bride of Eden, beaming on his kindling vision. He was as one waking out of a deep sleep, by a flash of conviction, intense as the lightning, and almost as scorching. When strong passions have lain dormant for a long time under a superincumbent weight of intellect, their awakening is the bound of the giant, strong, exultant and fearful. Horace trembled and glowed as the new life came rushing and flowing in, into every vein—giving him the sense of a new creation. It flashed from his eyes—it burned upon his cheek—he felt it in every fibre of his being. But the moment that revealed Eoline to him, invested with this new-born glory, this moment, the warmest, the brightest, soon proved the darkest of his life. For on the right hand stood the minstrel lover, with his pale, alabaster face, brilliant eyes, and romantic-waving hair, adorned with every grace that can captivate the eye of woman. And all the time he was gazing, music was gushing forth and filling the hall and sweeping out into the starry night. They were singing an anthem of praise. *Hosanna* was the burden of the strain—"Hosanna," ascended clear and high, as the highest warblings of the flute, from the lips of Eoline—"Hosanna," repeated the youthful band, in their sweet, bird-like contralto—"Hosanna," breathed St. Leon, in his deep, melodious tenor—"Hosanna, Hosanna," resounded the whole choir, in one strong burst of jubilant harmony, while the keys quivered and sparkled under Eoline's jewelled fingers. Horace listened with an interest, an intensity that amounted to agony. As one by one, and then all in one, the *Hosannas* swept by him, and he beheld Eoline the centre of that region of light and harmony, she seemed lost to him forever—lost by his own madness. The words of little Willie rang in his ears—"How could you help loving Ela?"—"What did you let her go away for?" "Because I was a fool, dolt, maniac," thought he, "and I deserve to be punished, as I am."

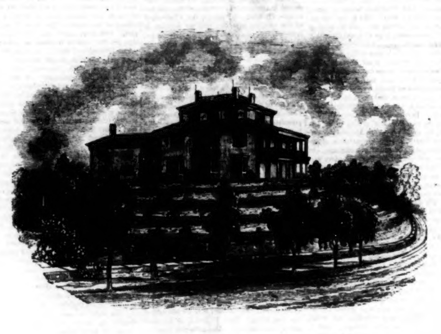
There was a breathless silence after the anthem closed, then a sudden and spontaneous burst of applause. Once, twice, thrice the building shook with its thunders. During the lull that succeeded, Miss Manly arose. Her tall figure at once arrested every eye.

"Hush, hush, the Colonel is going to speak!" ran in a whisper across the benches.

And truly the Colonel *was* going to make a speech, and a very sensible one, too.

"We thank the audience," she said, bending graciously forward, and waving her ivory fan. "We thank our friends, for their manifestations of approbation. We receive them in the spirit of kindness in which we are certain they burst forth. But as the performers are young ladies, whose modesty and delicacy we feel it our duty to guard, as we would a tender flower, and as they must naturally shrink from anything like notoriety and acclamation, we would most respectfully request, that silence, expressive silence, should hereafter speak their praise."

## Our Picture Gallery.



A NEW ENGLAND VILLA.

The above engraving represents the villa of Dr. Hitchcock, at Newton, Massachusetts, seven miles from Boston. This beautiful mansion crowns the summit of an eminence, from which the eye is regaled with the most picturesque views in every direction. The interior arrangements not only possess every convenience and improvement which ingenuity could suggest, but every part of the work has been done in the most thorough and substantial manner. The glass in the windows is of the very best French plate; the doors are mahogany; and the chimney-pieces of Italian marble, of the most exquisite workmanship.—There are eighteen rooms, each large and airy, and furnished with ventilators. On each side of the hall, on the first floor, are two suits of parlors. The kitchen and pantry are in the L or wing. Each of the principal chambers on the second floor, has a dressing-room attached, supplied with water, which is conveyed in pipes all over the building. On the same floor are a water-closet and a bathing-room. On the third floor are four large rooms, with all the conveniences of those on the second floor. The different apartments throughout the house, are provided with bells and with speaking-tubes. So perfectly do the tubes answer the purpose intended, that the tick of the clock can be distinctly heard from the first to the third story. The grounds, comprising about three acres, are laid out with much care and skill. They contain from 300 to 400 ornamental and fruit trees, of the most valuable kinds; shrubs and flowers in endless variety, and two beautiful fountains.

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There was a murmur, when Miss Manly resumed her seat, after a dignified bow, and some boys put their hands together, ready to clap, but the public respected Miss Manly, and feared her displeasure, and as her pupils had passed a splendid Examination, they were anxious to conform to her wishes, and therefore preserved silence.

As St. Leon led Eoline from the instrument, and said something to her in a low voice, she looked up with a smile that Horace would have given worlds to call his own. He wanted to send her the flowers that were withering in his grasp. They would carry her thoughts back to her home; they would turn her from the fascinations of the present moments, perhaps awaken one remembrance of him. Before he left the hotel he had fastened a slip of paper to the bouquet, with the simple words—"From Willie, to his sister Eoline," inscribed upon it. While he was hesitating by what messenger to send the floral token, little Bessie Bell, the young fairy, with her blue sash fluttering round her, came gliding amid the throng, like a gleam of azure sky breaking through a cloud.

"For Miss Glenmore," said he, bending down, and placing the flowers in her eagerly extended hand.

Proud of being the bearer of such an offering, to such a shrine, the little white cloud, with its azure sky-gleam, floated back to the platform, and seemed to melt away at Eoline's feet, for it disappeared in the twinkling of an eye.

Eoline received the flowers with a gratified look, supposing them sent as a compliment from some lover of music in the audience. She had had many similar favors in the course of the Examination, but there was something in the fragrance of this, that breathed into her inmost heart.

Horace watched her countenance as she read the inscription. The red lightning of sudden emotion darted across her cheek, then left it of snowy whiteness. She looked eagerly into the crowd, with a wistful, inquiring glance, that wandered from face to face, growing less and less hopeful as it wandered, till it fell on the spot where Horace stood, in the deep embrasure of the window. Shadows were resting there, but his eyes, beaming with newly enkindled fires, met and arrested that vague and doubtful glance. Had she recognized him? He could not tell. But the color came back to her face. No longer the vanishing lightning, but the lingering crimson that dyes the sunset cloud. She bent her head over the flowers, and he imagined he saw them sparkling with dew-drops which were not there a few moments before. Again, she turned towards the window, and this time Horace bowed to her glance. The salutation was immediately acknowledged, and a bright smile played on her lips.

The harp was now drawn to the front of the platform by Uncle Ben, who had seemed during the whole evening most superfluously busy, taking up chairs, and putting them down in the same place, going in and out with a hurried and important look, as if he had not one moment to spare.

St. Leon led Eoline forward, and seated her at the graceful instrument. Taking the flowers in one hand, and leaning lightly on the harp with the other, the handsome Creole stood waiting to accompany her with his rich and mellow voice. To the classic mind, he might recall the young Apollo singing to the impassioned music of Erato's nine-stringed lyre. Horace had seen Eoline at the harp many a time before, but he felt as if it were the first time he had ever experienced her minstrel power. As she raised her hands to sweep the glittering wires, her loose gossamer sleeves fell back, revealing an arm of unrivalled beauty, both as to form and hue. He thought of Ossian's fair-haired maids, of the white-armed daughter of Joscar, and he thought, too, of the angels, and the golden harps of Heaven. His imagination was excited, and beautiful images from the old poets, from ancient mythology and the divine bards crowded upon his memory. He was transformed into a poet himself. He could write a grand epic poem—of which life should be the subject, man the hero, and the machinery, the hidden springs and wondrous workmanship of the human heart.

The concert was winding to a close; the last anthem was announced. The white-robed choir again arranged themselves in a semi-lunar form, while Eoline and St. Leon took the same position as at the opening of the concert. Miss Manly stood up to enjoy this last act of a triumphant drama. Eoline, who missed for a moment the voice of St. Leon, looked up and saw him leaning against the piano, with his hand pressed against his side, and his face wearing the pallor of death. Giving her one earnest, thrilling glance, his eyes closed, and he fell back, perfectly insensible.

It would be difficult to describe the scene of confusion that followed. The forward pressure of the crowd impeded every breath of air, and formed an impenetrable barrier round the platform. The frightened children condensed themselves on the other side—Miss Manly, no less alarmed, for once exerting herself in vain to call them to order.

"Stand back!" exclaimed Eoline, in an agony of terror, "keep back, if you would not kill him! He is not dead. Good Heavens!—will nobody help him? Oh, Horace!" she cried, for he had wedged the crowd, he knew not how, and sprang upon the platform, "for God's sake get a glass of water!"

"Here is water! and here!" cried a dozen voices, while Horace knelt and raised the lifeless St. Leon on his arm.

"Carry him to the window!" exclaimed a commanding voice, while another strong pair of arms surrounded the young man, "he will die for want of air."

It was Doctor Hale, the doctor, *par excellence*, of Montebello, whose commands had the authority of Scripture. By the copious application of water, and the current of fresh air admitted to his lungs, St. Leon revived, so as to open his eyes, and give evidence of consciousness—and that was all.

"Yes, madam," said the doctor, in answer to Miss Manly's anxious inquiries, "have a room prepared immediately, where he can remain perfectly quiet. His pulse is faint and flickering. My friends," said the doctor, somewhat authoritatively, to those who pressed round the platform, "we would thank you to retire as silently as possible. Little girls, it is time you were in bed. We shall have a man's life on our consciences."

The doctor's words had the effect of magic. The illuminated hall was soon vacated, and the streets and dormitories filled. St. Leon was borne to his room in the arms of the doctor and Horace Cleveland. It was a sad and awful termination of the brilliant evening. Eoline, before she quitted the platform, stooped down and gathered up poor Willie's fading flowers, which had fallen from the failing grasp of St. Leon, then mechanically followed the steps of Miss Manly, steps far less firm and majestic than usual. Louisa, who, fatigued by the exertions of the day, had early retired from the concert, met them, with her face as white as her dress. Eoline, oppressed by conflicting emotions, put her arms round her, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Louisa!—this is dreadful—dreadful! I have been cruel and unjust!" she cried, scarcely knowing what she uttered.

The thought of her harsh judgment of St. Leon, the night of the thunder-shower, filled her with remorseful pangs, for what a fatal proof he had just given of the fragility of his constitution! The sudden appearance of Horace, bearing a token from her own deserted home, had likewise produced a powerful agitation. The excitement of the preceding scene had made her nerves peculiarly sensitive. One could hardly have recognized the St. Cecilia of the evening, in the pale, trembling girl who sat clinging to Louisa, and starting wildly at every sound. Miss Manly could not sit still. She walked slowly up and down the long passage, with footsteps that left no sound. It was the first time hers had ever fallen like down. Every once in a while Uncle Ben would come stealing on tiptoe, and whisper that he was a little better, that the doctor thought there was some hope; then putting his finger on his lip, and shaking his head mysteriously, would tiptoe back. It seemed to the two anxious, waiting, weary girls, that the night was all waning away, so long had they sat listening to the muffled sound of carefully closing doors, and whispering voices, whose words they could not gather.

At length Horace Cleveland came within the door. Eoline rose to meet him, without speaking. It was no time for mere formal expressions, and she had no voice to utter them.

"Mr. St. Leon," said Horace, "wishes to see you for a few moments. Doctor Hale thinks him in very great, though perhaps not immediate danger, but such is his own impression. As everything depends upon the quietude of his nerves, the doctor thinks your presence might have a tranquillizing influence; that is, if you can command your own feelings. Are you equal to the scene, Eoline?"

"Alas! I know not," she answered; "I wish he had not asked it."

Miss Manly, who had followed Horace, and heard the request, here spoke, with extreme agitation.

"I think you had better decline going, Miss Glenmore. It can do no possible good, and will excite his nerves, instead of soothing them. Besides, I do not think it consistent with propriety, and, as Miss Glenmore's friend and adviser, I certainly must oppose it."

"If you will accompany her, Miss Manly," said Horace.

"Yes, come with me, dear Miss Manly," interrupted Eoline, "your presence will sanction mine. Oh, it would be cruel, to refuse a sick, perchance a dying man."

"He asked not for *me*—he desires not *me*!" exclaimed Miss Manly, her under lip quivering with repressed emotion. "I should be looked upon as an intruder! No,—I cannot go!"

"Louisa, dear Louisa, you will go with me? You can console and comfort, far, far more than I."

"Let me accompany you, Eoline," said Horace, taking her hand, and drawing it round his arm, as he spoke. "Let me stand in a brother's place to you in this, and all future trials. Doctor Hale is with him—I think no other friend is necessary. Come, and show the same fortitude you have done on other occasions.—There is, there can be no impropriety in an errand like this. If so, let the angels of mercy be condemned."

Thus sustained, Eoline went with Horace Cleveland to what she supposed was the dying bed of St. Leon. She felt, as she clung to his arm, that it was the arm of a friend and protector, that it had strength to support, and kindness, too. Her spirit grew strong as she leaned upon it. Yet she trembled when she entered the dimly-lighted room where St. Leon lay; he who so lately stood by her side, music gushing from his lips, and love and passion flashing from his eyes.

"Be composed," said Doctor Hale, kindly, in a low voice, as Horace retired, "I would gladly have spared you this trial, but I could not persuade him to defer the meeting till to-morrow. He thinks it would be too late. Stay but a moment, and promise to return again.—*He must not be agitated*," he added, emphatically.

Eoline approached the bed, but when she saw him lying so pale, and still and death-like, awe settled deep over her excited feelings, and she involuntarily sank upon her knees by his side.

"Eoline," said he, feebly extending his hand, "I could not die without seeing you once more."

"You will not die, St. Leon," she murmured, while his dry and feverish hand convulsively clasped hers. "You must not think of death. God will give you back to life."

"For your sake?" asked he, faintly.

"For the sake of all who love you, St. Leon."

"You promised me," said he, fixing upon her his dark, languid eyes, that contrasted painfully with his wan face, "you promised me, when the hour of parting came, I should know if I were beloved. Eoline, that hour is come. I cannot lie down in the grave in peace, I cannot surrender my soul to the Great God, who calls it, till you tell me that you love me. I could not live —I cannot die without your love."

"Think not of an erring creature of the dust like me," said Eoline, lifting her weeping eyes to Heaven. "Oh, St. Leon, this is no time for earthly love."

"Tell me that you love me," cried the impassioned Creole. "I will then give my thoughts to God and Heaven. I shall die happy. You tremble, you hesitate," he added, suddenly starting from his pillow, his eyes emitting a wild gleam, like the fires of insanity. "You cannot, dare not curse me, at this moment, by telling me that you love another."

Falling back again upon the pillow, he closed his eyes, and an expression of acute pain contracted his brow. Eoline thought it was the convulsive pang of death, and uttered a faint cry. Doctor Hale approached his patient, and applying his fingers to his fluttering and agitated pulse, looked gravely and earnestly at Eoline, whose countenance expressed as deep suffering as the human heart is capable of feeling. Again and again she tried to speak, but the words seemed glued to her bloodless lips. The doctor laid the hand of St. Leon gently on the bed-cover, then bending down, he raised Eoline from her kneeling position, and drew her to the opposite side of the room—

"Young lady," said he, in a very low and solemn voice, fixing on her a calm, but piercing eye, "I hope, I believe you are above trifling with the feelings of another at this awful hour. I do not think this young man will live; but I believe his life is far more in your hands than mine. If you can soothe his stormy passions, if you can speak peace to his troubled heart, my skill *may* avail; but I can do nothing in the state of strange agitation he is now in. This is no time for concealment, none for false scruples."

There was a stern emphasis in his low tones, that Eoline felt to her heart's core. Never had she known such a fearful warfare in her bosom. Ten thousand pulses seemed to throb in every vein. To be told that she held perchance in her hands the life of a human being, to know, even if that life were trembling on the verge of death, she was capable of breathing peace to the departing soul, and winging it with joy into eternity,—yet refuse to redeem that life, even at the sacrifice of her own happiness, to hesitate to utter those words of peace, to turn a deaf ear to the last prayer of expiring humanity! could she be so cruel, so selfish? Would she not be a murderess, and bathe her soul in the life blood of a fellow mortal, by withholding the remedy which might baffle the power of death? But how dreadful to deceive in that solemn and awful hour! She did not love St. Leon as he yearned to be loved, as she felt capable of loving, as even then she felt she could love another. She could not open her lips and say to the soul, on which the light of an eternal day might be about to dawn, the soul that might carry her words into the presence of a God of Truth—"I love you." There had been moments, many moments during their intercourse, when carried away by the attraction of his graces, and the fervor of his attachment, she could have given an impulsive affirmative to such an impassioned appeal, though reflection might follow with a cold negation. And now, so deep was her pity, so strong her sympathy, so awful her sense of responsibility for the happiness, the life of another, she was wrought up to that high pitch of enthusiasm, which made her all but willing to immolate herself, rather than destroy him who hung trembling on her decree. But there was something held her back with a strength as it were irresistible. It seemed as if powerful arms were around her, drawing her from the brink of an abyss, as if eyes, which that very night had flashed upon her with a power unknown before, revealing in burning characters the hitherto invisible writing traced on the mystic scroll of her heart, were fixed upon her with scorching intensity; as if voices were whispering around and about her—"Thou, who hast been a martyr to truth and integrity, wilt thou falsify thyself now? For the weak compassion of a moment, wilt thou sacrifice thy life-long joy? Who knows but by this very act thou may'st destroy the happiness of another than St. Leon, as well as thy own?"

"Are you going to let him *die*?" whispered a grave voice in her ear. She started, and a cold tremor shook her frame. It seemed to her that she lived years in that warring moment, and when she heard the tones of Doctor Hale, so earnest, yet so low, so upbraiding as she thought, they had a strange, unnatural sound, like the accents of a friend from whom we have been long parted.

"Can I save him?" she cried, grasping his hand with unconscious energy. "I am not a physician. Why do you throw the burthen of his life on me? Do you wish to denounce me as a murderess at the bar of God?" She spoke wildly,—in her excitement she hardly knew what she uttered.

"This is a strange case—both—very strange," muttered the doctor. "I hardly know what to make of either of them. You had better retire," he added, to Eoline, "if you cannot apply the antidote, your presence must prove a bane."

He was displeased with her, and his countenance expressed his sentiments more fully than he was aware of. Her agonized cry in the concert-room—"Good Heavens! will nobody help him?" the cry of life, for life so awfully smitten down by her side, and which he mistook for that of a wrung and bleeding heart, was still echoing in his ears. He could not understand the extraordinary agitation she now exhibited, or reconcile it with her reluctance to soothe his apparently expiring patient by the utterance of feelings she had unconsciously exhibited in the first moment of his danger. Turning coldly from her, he again approached St. Leon, whose appealing eyes were riveted on Eoline with an expression she seemed no longer able to resist. Hurrying forward, she knelt, so that her face was concealed in the folds of the sheet, and exclaimed,

"Live, St. Leon, and live for me."

"That will do, that will do," said the doctor, in a much softened tone. "Bless you, young lady,—now you may go. My anodyne may take effect after this. Not another word, my patient; not another syllable for your life.—There, young gentleman, I commit her to your care," added he, almost carrying Eoline to the door, near which Horace Cleveland awaited her coming. He had too much delicacy to intrude upon a scene he considered sacred, not doubting it was for an affianced lover that Eoline trembled and wept.

"Your father and brother are well," said he, as they passed along through the dimly-lighted passage. "I saw them a day or two before I left home. You received the flowers which Willie sent you—did you not?"

"I did," she answered, "but my father—sent he no message to his banished daughter?"

Horace could not repeat the cruel words he had heard her father utter, neither could he frame a falsehood.

"He feels your absence—I see, I know he does—but he is too proud to acknowledge it."

"Oh! that I had never left him!" exclaimed Eoline, with a burst of feeling she tried in vain to repress.

"Would to Heaven you never had!" cried Horace, with an emphasis of which he was not aware.

They did not speak again, but walked on in silence to the door of the sitting-room. He felt her leaning more heavily on his arm, and when they entered the apartment, where a brighter light flashed upon them, he saw that her complexion was of a deadly pallor. He gave her a glass of water with a trembling hand. As she took it, and lifted it to her lips, she raised her eyes to his, and something in their expression made her shudder.

"I cannot drink it," said she, placing the glass upon the table, and sinking into a chair. "If I were alone," she murmured, passing her hand dreamily over her forehead—"I think I should be well. There is something feels very cold and tight here."

"You are not well, Eoline," said he, sitting down by her, and taking her passive hand in his. "This interview has been too much for you. I regret that I have been the instrument of so much sorrow to you. But do not, I intreat you, yield too readily to your fears. I shall remain with Mr. St. Leon during the night, as well as Doctor Hale. He shall have every care that skill and kindness can bestow. Eoline, most willingly would I redeem his life by the sacrifice of my own—if by so doing I could secure your happiness—and now go and take care of yourself; let no anxiety which I can relieve rest upon your heart."

Eoline returned the parting pressure of his hand, with one as cold as marble. Taking the lamp, she waited till the last echo of his footsteps died away on the stillness of night, then sought her own room. She did not stop to speak with Louisa, though she saw a light glimmering under the door, and knew she waited her return. She could not speak to a human being. She felt the necessity of being alone,—to loosen the feelings so long suppressed, that were tightening like a metallic girdle round her heart. She could not sleep—she could not even lie down on her pillow. The night was sultry and oppressive, and her little chamber seemed too narrow and close for the restless movements of her spirit. Kneeling down by the open window, and looking up into the dark blue, moonless depths of midnight, she sighed and wept under the mysterious burthen of life.

At length the deep stillness of the air was stirred, as if by a thousand invisible wings. The night-wind rose and moaned through the tall branches of the Tree of Heaven, that swept against the window-frame, and the dull roar of the mill-dam murmured gloomily in her ear. The beating of her own heart sounded like the ticking of the death-watch, and the shadow of her bed against the cold, white wall, assumed the long, sharp, formal outline of a coffin. The full valence, waving to and fro in the rising breeze, flapped like a funeral pall. Sometimes a lone bird would breathe forth a mournful, solitary note, in the deep pine woods, and she imagined it the dying wail of St. Leon. Then she transported herself in fancy to the brilliant concert-room, the scene of flowers, music and splendor—to the moment when her wandering eye was arrested by the magnetic glance darting from the embrasure—that glance which was indeed the *lightning's flash*. What Promethean fire had suddenly kindled that cold eye, and given it such strange fascination? What power had modulated that deep-toned voice, so that it fell like the music of Heaven upon her ear?

The morning found Eoline still kneeling by the open window, her head bowed upon her arms, and her locks literally heavy with the dews of night. She had fallen asleep, just at breaking-day. Thus Louisa found her, when she softly unfolded the door, for Miss Manly had omitted the awakening blast of the horn for St. Leon's sake. Strangely did Eoline look, in that lowly, drooping attitude, in her gossamer robes and azure ribbons floating loosely round her, and pearls glittering like dew-drops in her hair.

And there was another who had kept vigils through the remnant of that night. Another—who was draining in secret the bitter dregs of mortification and grief. Miss Manly, who had presided with such masculine dignity during the evening, and who in general seemed inaccessible to all softer emotions, had saturated her pillow with tears, such as she had never wept before. We have said that St. Leon was the first man who had ever touched her hitherto invulnerable heart. By an inexplicable self-delusion, she had flattered herself that she had awakened a tender interest in him. It is true, she regarded Eoline as a powerful rival, but she still looked forward to a day of final triumph, a day when she would reign in undivided sovereignty over his affections. Blinded by self-love, she could not, would not see, what was visible to every perception but hers. But now the bandage was fallen from her eyes. All the preposterousness, the magnitude of her folly, glared upon her at once. She seemed looking at herself through a solar microscope, and in what she had hitherto believed pure elements, she beheld serpents writhing, and monsters crawling, and everything instinct with unnatural and destructive life. This astonishing self-revelation was the work of a moment. One simple fact had reflected the whole. Believing himself dying, his sole thought was of Eoline, his sole wish, to see her once more. He had forgotten *her* existence, forgotten her who was suffering pangs of anxiety for him, such as a Roman heroine only could conceal.

But she was a woman of too much good sense, strong sense, to be the slave of any weakness, when it was once fully revealed to herself. She had not studied the example of the great ones of the earth for nothing. There was really no shame in *feeling* human passions, and there was *glory* in conquering them. The lion Queens of England and Sweden were weak and fallible as herself,—weaker—for she *would* triumph over her bosom foible—and she *did*.

At the breakfast-table Dr. Hale announced that St. Leon had slept tranquilly the latter part of the night, and that he did not despair of his ultimate recovery.

"It is a very singular case," said the doctor, "very singular, indeed. I should call it an affection of the heart; yet there are symptoms which I have never met with in a disease of that kind. He is a very idiosyncratic young man. He must be kept perfectly composed and still for the present. I think," he added, looking towards Eoline, "that I leave a far better physician behind me than I am myself, one whose prescriptions seem to have a sorcery which I should like to learn."

When Eoline rose from her untasted breakfast, the doctor took her hand and began to count her faint and languid pulse. The marble pallidness of her complexion, the frozen calm of her countenance, the icy coldness of her touch, and the dull, slow beating of her pulse, all continued the same as her hand rested passively in his. There was something about her that puzzled him exceedingly. If she did not love St. Leon, why should she display such excessive sensibility on his account? If she did, why the reluctance to acknowledge the affection, and give the testimony for which he pleaded with such intense agony? She had exhibited no rapture, when he had said there was a hope of his ultimate recovery. Even Miss Manly's face was expressive of more joy than hers. While he was pondering on these inconsistencies, still counting professionally her languid pulsations, Horace Cleveland entered the room. The languid pulse gave a quick bound, and the slow moving blood rushed through the veins, and rose instantaneously to her pallid cheeks.

"Well," thought he, "here is another enigma!"

He knew something of the history of Eoline, for rumor had spread it with her hundred tongues, and he had also ascertained that this was the identical young man, whom, to avoid marrying, she had relinquished the luxuries of a splendid home. Now, this seemed very unaccountable. Horace was so fine, so intellectual a young man—

"Not his the form, not his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly."

So he had thought the preceding evening—and now, when he felt the bounding pulse, and saw the glowing hue caused by his sudden entrance, it seemed more unaccountable still. Indifference could not cause such strong emotion.—Dislike nor anger never wore a blush so soft, so deep, as now transformed the cold, pale statue into a living, throbbing, heart-awakened woman. He could only repeat his first reflection, "that woman was a strange enigma," and congratulate himself on his homeward way that Mrs. Hale was one of those transparent-minded and single-hearted beings that he could read through without any strange perplexity.

It was impossible that the doctor's injunction of perfect quietude could be observed that day, for the departure of so many pupils inevitably caused much bustle and confusion. The lower passage was lined with trunks and carpet bags and bandboxes—the road in front of the lawn darkened with carriages. One by one the young girls were borne away. Darling Fanny, warm-hearted Selma, gentle Annie and blooming Bessie, hung around Eoline with tears in their eyes, and smiles on their lips. The tears were for her, the smiles for the homes to which they were bound. Eoline stood in the door, watching them as they rolled away from her sight. She loved all the household pupils, but dearly did she love these sweet young friends. Even Jerusha had awakened her interest, for she had *suffered* and *toiled* for her. Moreover, they were all going *home*, the forfeit Eden of her own young heart, and it is no wonder she followed the carriages with tearful eyes, while the excited travellers threw back kisses as long as they could catch a glimpse of her figure in the open portals of the Seminary.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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THE TWO GENEALOGIES OF OUR LORD.—Two Evangelists give us two different genealogies of our Lord. Well, that is exactly what we should have anticipated, because it is exactly what the case required. First, Matthew, writing chiefly for the Jews, gives the formal or legal genealogy,—showing the line of descent of Joseph, the legal or apparent father of our Lord. Our Lord was to be shown to be legally entitled to "the throne of His father David." And this, as the name of his mother could not appear in the genealogies, must be done by proving the descent of Joseph, the husband of his mother. Some years after, Luke, writing under St. Paul's direction, and writing for the Gentiles, gives another genealogy, showing our Lord to be actually descended, by his mother, from David and from Abraham. Both of these documents were clearly necessary. Without the first, the Jews would have held the Messiahship to be unproved; without the second, the Gentiles would have regarded the fulfilment of prophecy in his person to have been at least doubtful.—*Lutheran Christian Observer.*

## Original Novelet.

### THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER: OR, THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

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#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BEEHIVE.

A cottage where domestic love
And truth breathe simple kindness to the heart,
Where white armed children twine the neck of age,
Where hospitable cares light up the hearth,
Cheering the lonely traveller on his way.
*Gilman.*

"The Beehive" was the name that had been given by Elsie to her first backwood's home, and afterwards transferred by her to the substantial house of hewn rock that had replaced the log cabin.

It is late in the afternoon of a blustering March day that I shall again introduce you into the household of Doctor Hardcastle. And it is a large and interesting family for which the doctor is now responsible.

First, there is himself, as glorious a type of manhood as ever stood in the exposed outer circle of existence, interposing his own body between the storms and cares of life, and the cowering forms of women and children.

Then, there was his pupil, Hugh Hutton—

"As tall, as sinewy, and as strong
As earth's first kings—the Argo's gallant sailors;
Heroes in history, and gods in song;"

and bearing in that genial dignity of form, countenance and manner which was the natural expression of great conscious power and goodness, a general resemblance to his master.

There was Mrs. Garnet, in her simple widow's dress of black silk, with surplice bosom, inside handkerchief, and little lace cap—somewhat jaded, yet with her graceful form, fair complexion, delicate features, and pensive, thoughtfulness of expression presenting a pleasing image of the "intellectual system of beauty." In charming contrast to her was her daughter, Mrs. Hardcastle, in the full bloom of perfectly developed vital beauty, revealing that marriage and maternity had been to her healthful, sanguine and joyous organization, what they should be to all women, a continuous accession of new life, health, and happiness.

*She* had made no mistake in the calculation of *her* future! Active, bustling, often very laborious her lot had been indeed, but suited to her strong and cheerful nature. Her life had been guided, besides, by almost unerring intelligence, sustained by undying love, and cheered by unfailing hope. Anxieties had come, indeed, but these had not been suffered to grow into corroding cares. Sorrow had visited them, too—but this had not been permitted to crush them with despair, or even bow them long in despondency. In the second year of their married life, the Angel of Death had entered their dwelling and lifted their only child from its mother's bosom. Yes! the firstling of their little flock—the first born of their youthful love—that strong and beautiful child—so full of glorious promise—whose health and life seemed so secure, who was, besides, so watched and tended—that idolized child was borne away from their arms, and the hearts of the parents long writhed in the anguish of bereavement before they could understand and receive the Divine message in the infant's little life and death. They had been so independent, so confiding, so happy in their earthly lot, so absorbed in their worldly plans, that they might never even have lifted their eyes to Heaven but for gazing after the soaring wing of their cherub—might never have lifted their hearts to Heaven, but for yearning after the ascended and glorified child—for "where the treasure is there will the heart be also."

They had now been married eleven years, and six other children claimed their love and care—six children—boys and girls, with their ages ranging from one year old to nine. They were

had got supper and set the table, she placed the children all in my care, and against my advice, high on the wind, in and deep on the snow to Gilbert, and she never looked back! I was in consternation, and started to carry it to those good neighbors, but Gilbert, I vela, Hugh you, you would tell me not to do it?"

"Indeed, I would not, for you got to do it, Mary! Did you think to put the children's clothes in the sleigh?" "Yes, I did, and their bedding, and I put in the bag of meal, and the bag of potatoes, and the ham, and the pork, and the butter, and the cheese, and the sugar, and the tea, and the coffee, and the bread, and the pies, and the cake! I shall never be able to get them all! I owe to you!"

"Why, Mary, what's the matter with you? Have you lost your senses? Why, you have taken the whole contents of the house, and everything in it, and thrown them into the sleigh! Gilbert will be here in a minute! Run and get the things out! Why, you have taken the very bread out of my mouth! Have you no sense? Have you no feeling for your children? Little ones, I say! what would you do without your brother?"

The last named little chore-holders in the Hugh Dinsmore property, answered with a shout of laughter, and with vociferous demonstrations of affection. And then the whole family set to work to unload all the furniture, and putting up in its face, said—

"Dear Hugh! We'll do our could possibly have supplied your place to us, since we have known you! You have been, indeed, like a brother brother, or an elder one of the family, and you have been the source of all our joy in the hour of trouble, you have delivered us of it! Hugh! our dear boy! only be half as attached to Mary as you have been, and she shall be as good and happy in your economy!"

"Come, come, Kate, a time to cease to be sentimental, and a time when the stupid night and day for a meal, and walked three miles to-day, and have a good appetite for supper, and a strong disposition to be bed! Come! give the babe to his sister, there, and draw your chair up. The children have been enlisted to set up in honor of your arrival, Hugh! They have been at work quickly, and restored her to his arms, pressing her cold hands under his cloak, to his bosom, to warm them, and drawing her towards the fire.

"How where have you been, facing the wind, and plunging through the snow-drifts?"

"I have been on the mountain," said Elsie, tapping her forehead, and giving it to and nod, and throwing her chest upon the arms of another. "I have been on the mountain to see those poor Killers. Their little girl, about twelve, came over here this afternoon to tell me to go to see them. She said mother, and how they were suffering, and so I filled the basket and went down to see them."

"But your cloak, dear! What in the world have you done with your cloak?"

"Oh! I laid it over Jamie's father and her baby, until I could come home and send them a blanket. Oh! now don't look so distressed! I am warmly clothed without the cloak, besides, the distance was short, and I ran along fast. Now, come now! How is it that you children are all their time out running and romping in the cold, without your wraps, and only fever over-heated by the exposure?" said Elsie, laughing, at the terror, pushed her curls back from her blooming face, and went and lifted her crying babe from the cradle.

Then she sat down and nursed it, with Mrs. Grout, assisted by the eldest child, a little girl of nine years old, began to arrange the supper upon the table.

As Elsie sat and nursed the child, her bloom-ing, joyous face reflected into ardour, her eyes gathered in her eyes, and she sighed deeply, during her thoughts, as Mrs. Eggers kept on watching her. He was accustomed to see occasional moods of sorrowful tenderness, which, he said, composed with her usual bright, cheerful temper, as a general, stunning their continuance with a fine, deep meaning. He stooped over the back of her chair, and bending his head closed to hers, asked—

"O what are you thinking so sadly, Elsie?"

A slight flush warmed her cheek, and she replied, meekly, without raising her eyes—

"A one-sorthy thought, dearest! at least, ungrateful and presumptuous! I was thinking of that poor family, of the little food that I was able to do them, and the good pleasure it gave me to do even that. I will confess to you my the egotism of my thought—that I thought how generous I must was to you, Hugh, that you should delight in being a great deal of good if I had the means, and then an emotion of discontent, of sorrow, that I was not more rich, and I thought what a pity it was that I, so really liberal by nature, should be compelled to repress so many generous impulses—that I should have to refuse to spend—and I sigh! all these silly! I am ashamed that such ungrateful emotions should have disturbed my heart, and I speak of them now with shame! I never I feel how presumptuous they really were, for why indeed should I be rich? Are not all things like that we have not gained by our own toil? I, who am already so happy in the wealth of its ally affections, Hugh?"

"Dear Elsie, if the material and temporal good of mankind were to be thought of, doubtless less than I even better that wealth should be in the hands of the benevolent and philanthropic. But such is not the case! It is the spiritual and eternal welfare both of the individual and of the race that is provided for—that for which individual is placed in circumstances, not where he can do the most seeming good, but where he can best develope his moral and spiritual nature. Time—per have benevolence You do not need to have that virtue cultivated by the contrast of your own wealth with another's want, and by the exercise of almsgiving; hence you are not schooled in generosity by the duty of beneficence. But Elsie, as you are not perfect, you have other virtues you need to lack, and which can be developed only in poverty. But I did not mean to lecture you, as this seemed, darling! And now, in requital of pressing, I will tell you two pieces of good news—but, that is the last you'll hear to which we shall be put to any expense for Hugh's college course, of course, we shall have a hundred or so dollars over our annual expenditures—but of course this you shall endeavor to judicious-ously. That is my dear generous, glad thing! and my reward is the same in—Hugh himself will be home to-night!"

"Hugh home to-night! Oh, you don't say so!"

"Yes! this afternoon, in passing the Four Oaks, I got a letter that arrived yesterday, and that I should have got there and then! And the latter announces the arrival of Hugh this very evening!"

"Hugh coming home this evening! Oh, I am so glad! Children, children, did you hear? Brother Hugh is coming home this evening!"

"Brother Hugh is come" said a pleasant voice, as the door opened, and Hugh Hunter stood among them.

All arose, and Magnus and Elsie hastened to meet him.

"Dear friends," he said, shaking hands right and left, as he passed to the centre of the room, "I go to the window and look in upon you while you were all at your quiet evening occupations! I have been wandering you for the last half hour!"

"You rogue! But come to the fire! come to the fire! Suppose it just ready!" said Doctor Hardcastle, while Hugh threw off his great coat, and laid it aside with his hat. "Oh, Hugh! we are so glad to see you! Had you a pleasant journey? What time did you get to the village? You have travelled day and night, I am afraid! And then you have walked from the village here?"

"Yes! I couldn't have got a horse for two or three hours, and I really couldn't wait—I was so eager to get home!"

"Dear Hugh! you must be so tired and hungry! Here, sit down in this chair near the fire," said Elsie, pushing a chair forward with one hand, while she held the child with the other arm.

Hugh threw himself into the chair, and mechanically stretched out his arms and took the covering, laughing infant from its mother, and set it upon his knee, playing with it all the while he talked to others.

"Oh! have you got your diploma, Hugh? Let's see the document with our own eyes!" said Doctor Hardcastle, coming forward.

"Yes! here it is!" said, Hugh, running in his pocket with one hand, while he hugged the baby up with the other. "Here it is! I took it out of my trunk to bring along as a sort of credential that your years of patience have not been thrown away upon me, but fixed!" And Hugh produced the parchment and held it out to the table.

"Good! good! here it is, Elsie! come look! Here is Doctor Hutton's name, and all the rest, *cum-mendum autem!* Here is the diploma! Here is the prize for which he has toiled so hard!—the goal of his race!"

"No! not the *goal*, but the great *starting place!* Is it not so, Hugh?" said Elsie, coming forward.

"Yes! true! the starting point! She is sensible that I! The starting point, my boy! And now for a brilliant career! Aim high, Hugh! He who aims at the sun may not bring it down, but his arrow will fly highest! You must be most magnificently true! I have been, Hugh! I am a model—if you please—an exemplary member of my generation, and of society. You must be a model of your family and the world! Oh! I have a great deal good—and other fine things—in store for you!"

"My dear friend! my best friend! all that I am, and have, I owe to you! to your precepts, your example, your kindness, your generosity! I am all I am! I say now! All I can hope to be! I never was a man of a date! I shall never be able to pay the debt I owe to you!"

"Why, Hugh! what's the matter with you? You are talking as if you were about to die! Don't you think that it does not make my heart ache to part with you, and to send you away and alone, and to think that I have not yet provided a mortgage for him; and to see her work herself nearly morning till night, doing all the household of the family, and think that I have not yet got a servant to help her? Don't you think I brought her to all this, dear? I better her will! my good sir!" said Doctor Hardcastle, smiling and nodding.

"Hugh looked pale and wept by his side, and stood close, and drew his arm over her shoulder, caressingly, as she said,

"Nonsense, you have made Elsie completely, divinely happy; I mean, as a mortal woman can be! Now, you must go to the world, Hugh! I am one on its match! As for her privations and toils, it is *I, only I,* who understand, and all that! It was I who disheartened her! I!"

"Hush! hush! I trust in self-accusation! Elsie has had her share of trouble, and I trust to see in its family, now Hugh is gone! And now are the cakes, the darling! and without the shade, dear! Hugh! Elsie! you will not mind me! I am old and cross! Let's open upon her at once as she gets in!"

He kissed Allen's hand, and hastened to meet his wife.

"How she came! cold as the weather was, actually without her cloak—"

Elsie laughed quickly, and restored her to his arms, pressing her cold hands under his cloak, to his bosom, to warm them, and drawing her towards the fire.

"How where have you been, facing the wind, and plunging through the snow-drifts?"

"I have been on the mountain," said Elsie, tapping her forehead, and giving it to and nod, and throwing her chest upon the arms of another. "I have been on the mountain to see those poor Killers. Their little girl, about twelve, came over here this afternoon to tell me to go to see them. She said mother, and how they were suffering, and so I filled the basket and went down to see them."

"But your cloak, dear! What in the world have you done with your cloak?"

"Oh! I laid it over Jamie's father and her baby, until I could come home and send them a blanket. Oh! now don't look so distressed! I am warmly clothed without the cloak, besides, the distance was short, and I ran along fast. Now, come now! How is it that you children are all their time out running and romping in the cold, without your wraps, and only fever over-heated by the exposure?" said Elsie, laughing, at the terror, pushed her curls back from her blooming face, and went and lifted her crying babe from the cradle.

Then she sat down and nursed it, with Mrs. Grout, assisted by the eldest child, a little girl of nine years old, began to arrange the supper upon the table.

As Elsie sat and nursed the child, her bloom-ing, joyous face reflected into ardour, her eyes gathered in her eyes, and she sighed deeply, during her thoughts, as Mrs. Eggers kept on watching her. He was accustomed to see occasional moods of sorrowful tenderness, which, he said, composed with her usual bright, cheerful temper, as a general, stunning their continuance with a fine, deep meaning. He stooped over the back of her chair, and bending his head closed to hers, asked—

"O what are you thinking so sadly, Elsie?"

A slight flush warmed her cheek, and she replied, meekly, without raising her eyes—

"A one-sorthy thought, dearest! at least, ungrateful and presumptuous! I was thinking of that poor family, of the little food that I was able to do them, and the good pleasure it gave me to do even that. I will confess to you my the egotism of my thought—that I thought how generous I must was to you, Hugh, that you should delight in being a great deal of good if I had the means, and then an emotion of discontent, of sorrow, that I was not more rich, and I thought what a pity it was that I, so really liberal by nature, should be compelled to repress so many generous impulses—that I should have to refuse to spend—and I sigh! all these silly! I am ashamed that such ungrateful emotions should have disturbed my heart, and I speak of them now with shame! I never I feel how presumptuous they really were, for why indeed should I be rich? Are not all things like that we have not gained by our own toil? I, who am already so happy in the wealth of its ally affections, Hugh?"

"Dear Elsie, if the material and temporal good of mankind were to be thought of, doubtless less than I even better that wealth should be in the hands of the benevolent and philanthropic. But such is not the case! It is the spiritual and eternal welfare both of the individual and of the race that is provided for—that for which individual is placed in circumstances, not where he can do the most seeming good, but where he can best develope his moral and spiritual nature. Time—per *have* benevolence You do not need to have that virtue cultivated by the contrast of your own wealth with another's want, and by the exercise of almsgiving; hence you are not schooled in generosity by the duty of beneficence. But Elsie, as you are not perfect, you have other virtues you need to lack, and which can be developed only in poverty. But I did not mean to lecture you, as this seemed, darling! And now, in requital of pressing, I will tell you two pieces of good news—but, that is the last you'll hear to which we shall be put to any expense for Hugh's college course, of course, we shall have a hundred or so dollars over our annual expenditures—but of course this you shall endeavor to judicious-ously. That is my *dear* generous, glad thing! and my *reward* is the same in—Hugh himself will be home to-night!"

"Hugh home to-night! Oh, you don't say so!"

"Yes! this afternoon, in passing the Four Oaks, I got a letter that arrived yesterday, and that I should have *got* there and then! And the latter announces the arrival of Hugh this very evening!"

"Hugh coming home this evening! Oh, I am so glad! Children, children, did you hear? Brother Hugh is coming home this evening!"

"Brother Hugh is *come*" said a pleasant voice, as the door opened, and Hugh Hunter stood among them.

All arose, and Magnus and Elsie hastened to meet him.

"Dear friends," he said, shaking hands right and left, as he passed to the centre of the room, "I go to the window and look in upon you while you were all at your quiet evening occupations! I have been wandering you for the last half hour!"

"You rogue! But come to the fire! come to the fire! Suppose it just ready!" said Doctor Hardcastle, while Hugh threw off his great coat, and laid it aside with his hat. "Oh, Hugh! we are so glad to see you! Had you a pleasant journey? What time did you get to the village? You have travelled day and night, I am afraid! And then you have walked from the village here?"

"Yes! I couldn't have got a horse for two or three hours, and I really couldn't wait—I was so eager to get home!"

"Dear Hugh! you must be so tired and hungry! Here, sit down in this chair near the fire," said Elsie, pushing a chair forward with one hand, while she held the child with the other arm.

Hugh threw himself into the chair, and mechanically stretched out his arms and took the covering, laughing infant from its mother, and set it upon his knee, playing with it all the while he talked to others.

"Oh! have you got your diploma, Hugh? Let's see the document with our own eyes!" said Doctor Hardcastle, coming forward.

"Yes! here it is!" said, Hugh, running in his pocket with one hand, while he hugged the baby up with the other. "Here it is! I took it out of my trunk to bring along as a sort of credential that your years of patience have not been thrown away upon me, but fixed!" And Hugh produced the parchment and held it out to the table.

"Good! good! here it is, Elsie! come look! Here is Doctor Hutton's name, and all the rest, *cum-mendum autem!* Here is the diploma! Here is the prize for which he has toiled so hard!—the goal of his race!"

"No! not the *goal*, but the great *starting place!* Is it not so, Hugh?" said Elsie, coming forward.

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SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1853.



ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT IS NOT MADE UP OF A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.



TERMS, &c.

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20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club), . . . $26 00 "

Specimens of the POST sent to persons desiring the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the first Club has been paid for. Persons may get up Clubs at the same time those of the main list do. We have no Agents. All letters must be post paid, or they will not be taken out of the Post Office. Our object is to have all the subscriptions to each Club, and at one and the same time, and from one Post Office.

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Where Bank notes or other coin current could not be procured

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.


## THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Southworth's story of "The Children of the Isle," and Mrs. [illegible] Hentz's "Ernest; or, Magnolia Vale," we design commencing

VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Viola will be a companion novelet to Mr. Bennett's very popular "Prairie Flower," though the interest will be separate and distinct.

Then will come the time for Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After all these are gone through, we shall be [illegible] if our readers are not again ready for a new treat by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON;
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare to commence proceedings upon.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the choicest articles that appear in the English periodicals, together with the Cream of New Works, General Literature, General News, &c., &c.,—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of [illegible]

## From Washington.

### CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

[illegible]

personal controversy. He now felt assured, that here, almost upon the threshold of the Senate Chamber, he was denounced and arraigned because of his conscientious and consistent support of principle. He must now defend himself and his opinions from charges brought against him. The Senator from Alabama, in his late speech, uses the following language:

"The scene we witnessed the other day, during the delivery by the Senator from South Carolina (Mr. Rhett) of his harangue, attracted no one here, but it would have been a matter of profound astonishment to the country if they could have been spectators of what occurred. There was the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Sumner), the Senator from Ohio (Mr. Chase), and the Senator from New Hampshire (Mr. Hale), gathered about him in a sort of [illegible] while the countenance of the Senator from New York (Mr. Seward), was radiant with gladness. Thus was exhibited the spectacle of an extreme Southern Senator denouncing, in no measured terms, the Government of his country, and declaring himself a Disunionist, on account of alleged wrongs heaped upon him, with four or more rabid abolitionists on this head [illegible] drinking in his words with eager approbation, and applauding, cheering and encouraging him. All this was nothing new to us, however strange it may appear to the plain and honest yeomanry of the country. Nor was it, when calmly considered, at all unnatural. 'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.' There is a sympathy in treason, as well as in knavery; and those who are earnestly striving to accomplish the same end, need not quarrel about the separate means employed."

Here (continued Mr. Rhett) the Senator from Alabama charges me with treason and knavery, and infers that a sympathy in treason and knavery exists between me and the four Senators upon this floor who have been named. How will this charge be met? I will discredit the witness upon whose testimony the allegation is founded. Did any one here, on that occasion, hear either of these Senators applaud or cheer him? Did the Senator from Massachusetts applaud him? Will the Senator say if he applauded or cheered on that occasion?

Mr. Sumner said that he occupied his own seat when the Senator from South Carolina made his speech. That he listened to him attentively. But, as a lover of the Union, he could not applaud, either in feeling or expression, many of the sentiments of the Senator. On the contrary, he heard much that he strongly dissented from.

Mr. Rhett asked Mr. Chase to say whether he had applauded or cheered.

Mr. Chase said he had listened to the Senator with great attention. He could not believe that he had violated the rules by applauding or cheering. So far as the Senator had expressed the State Rights doctrines of Jefferson and Madison, his speech met his hearty approval; but that part which denounced the Union he did not approve, applaud, cheer or encourage.

Mr. Rhett said he would call no more witnesses. Every Senator present knew the truth of the matter. They all knew that no one had either applauded or cheered him on that occasion; notwithstanding which, the Senator from Alabama had declared, in his speech that these Senators had done both. There was but little sympathy or affinity between him and those Senators. The Senators from New York, Ohio, New Hampshire and Massachusetts had all been heard in loud, long and repeated praise of this Union. He united in no such songs, though the Senator from Alabama did. He now proceeded to show that the Senator from Alabama did not himself stand in such a position as to arraign any man for inconsistency or dishonor. He then read to the Senate several pages of matter which he said he intended to prove against Mr. Clemens. [illegible]

defame him personally—had sought out in a low and scurrilous newspaper, published in Alabama, a charge against his private character, and had attempted to give it dignity and importance by repeating it here. As the Senator had done this, he had treated him and his charge in the only manner they deserved. Nothing else that the Senator said against him was new. It had already been said over and over again in Alabama, and had there been refuted. It was not because he had been charged with an abandonment of State Rights principles that he had made his remarks; but it was the attack on his personal integrity, which demanded the use of that language, which he never intended to recall. Mr. Clemens then proceeded to refute the attack made upon his political consistency, concerning the Compromise Acts, before and since their adoption.

Mr. Rhett said that he was not disappointed. He expected, when he replied to the insults of the Senator, to be met with renewed insult. He had not bounded over the bench for months. He had not seen the Senator's speech till his return to the city. Soon as he had read it, he had been waiting for an opportunity of replying to it. The Senator denies having made the charge of knavery. The Senate can judge of the matter. He then read extracts from Mr. Clemens' speech about hypocrisy in treason, as well as in knavery, &c. Here, he said, was the charge, that there was a sympathy of treason between him and certain Senators, and that in treason there was a sympathy, as in knavery. He would ask the Senator himself, if he did not mean by his speech to impute knavery?

Mr. Clemens.—No, sir. Every one who has read it, understands it as I do. It no more charges you with knavery, than it does the Senator from Ohio or the Senator from Massachusetts, against whom I certainly never made the charge. I charge you with being a disunionist.

Mr. Rhett said, that if the language of the speech did not mean that he was guilty of knavery, then it was absurd nonsense, and the Senator could select either horn of the dilemma. But it is a wanton insult, and it had been intimated that he ought to have resorted to another mode of redress—that instead of waiting for this mode of vindication, he ought to have challenged the Senator right off. He would tell the Senate why he had not challenged him. There were two reasons. He had a great desire to accomplish the ends of the great cause with which he was identified, the maintenance of State Rights. Another reason was, that for twenty years he had been a professor of the religion of Christ, and he could not, and would not, dishonor that religion by a resort to any such means. The Senator was entirely mistaken, if he supposed he had not challenged him through fear of him. He feared God more than he did man, and would rather encounter the opprobrium of the latter than dare the anger of the former. He was not afraid of any man, but there were many ways of displaying courage. In that body he stood alone, yet he did not quail before any man there. [This is the substance of his reasons, which he read from several sheets of paper.] He then alluded to the words, applauding, cheering and encouraging, and maintained that the Senator had said they cheered by voice, and applauded by feet and hands; that such was the impression the Senator intended to convey to that paragraph he spoke of.

He had introduced no private matter here, as a charge against the Senator. He had found the charge contained by two responsible and honorable men of Alabama, who declare the fact attendant upon the Senator's election to the Senate. It was a matter relating to the dignity of the Senate. If the facts stated by these gentlemen were true, and known to the Senate, it is very doubtful whether the Senator would ever have been received here among his compeers; and now, if it should appear that he had been guilty of what these parties stated, a resolution to expel him would doubtless be adopted. [illegible]

[illegible]

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

# General News.

## FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamships Prometheus and Crescent City have arrived at New York, bringing the mails, and $1,332,000 in gold. The dates are to Feb. 1st.

John B. Weller has been elected United States Senator. The vote on the last ballot was seventy-one in favor of Weller. Maj. Reading received seventeen votes.

The Tennessee sailed from San Francisco on the 1st of February, with 320 passengers, and $1,000,000 in gold for Panama.

In the mines, much inconvenience and want has been experienced, by the failure of the water supplies. Digging has not been very brisk, and prospecting parties have made but few rich discoveries within the past month. The laborers have worked out the water, and are disposed to "lay by," waiting for more. Since Thursday the rains have returned, and copious showers have fallen in the interior. This will revive prospects in the mines.

REBELLION IN UTAH.—The Portland Oregonian publishes the following rumor of a revolution in Utah:

We learn by the mail-carrier from the Dalles, that news had reached that place from the Great Salt Lake, of a revolution. It is said the Mormons were arming and fortifying themselves, and had published a Declaration of Independence, in which they asserted their full determination to set up a Republic for themselves.

The editor of the Weekly Times, published at Portland, has conversed with a gentleman who had just arrived from Salt Lake. He says that affairs there present a threatening aspect. The people are nearly in a state of outlawry, and freely declare their hatred of the General Government. At the same time, they are preparing to resist all authority from without, by fortifying their settlement.

We shall await a confirmation or rejection of the news from the Utah country, with anxiety. If, as the account states, the Mormons have permitted their hatred for the United States Government to impel them to acts of open defiance and hostility, we fear that unfortunate consequences will ensue. The Government is bound to put down treason at the point of the bayonet, and should resistance be offered, a war will inevitably follow, in which our operations against forty thousand well-armed men, among the mountains of the Great Salt Lake, will be [illegible]—*Alta Californian, Feb. 1.*

A VISIT TO JAPAN.—[illegible]

GREAT RUSH OF WIDOWS.—[illegible]

HAROUN AL RASCHID REDIVIVUS.—[illegible]

THE GAINES SUIT.—[illegible]

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.—[illegible]

FAMINE IN GEORGIA.—[illegible]

PERPETUAL MOTION.—[illegible]

DEATH OF RATS.—[illegible]

THE WINTER IN EUROPE.—[illegible]

NUMBER OF BANKS IN THE UNION.—[illegible]

THE ICE IN THE SCHUYLKILL.—[illegible]

COTTON FACTORIES.—[illegible]

A POTATO STOVE.—[illegible]

## POLITICAL NEWS

CURIOUS HISTORY OF THE MAINE LAW.—The bill passed the lower House of the Legislature with the confident expectation that it would be defeated in the Senate. The members of the Senate, not relishing the responsibility of killing the law, passed it for the Governor to veto. When it came to Governor Hubbard, he expressed his indignation at their folly in passing such a bill; and saying, "If they want the law, let them have it," he gave his official signature to it, and it became the world-known *Maine Law*. We "tell the story as it was told to us."

UNIFORM GUAGE.—A law was recently passed by the Legislature, requiring that all the railroads hereafter to be built in Pennsylvania, be of a uniform guage, and to correspond with the most of the roads belonging to this State.

A SHORT BILL.—The House of Representatives of Massachusetts, recently passed the following bill—"Aliens may take, hold, transmit or convey real estate."

INDIANA.—At the Democratic State Convention resolutions were adopted endorsing the Compromise measures of the last Congress, and in favor of the doctrine of Intervention as explained by Mr. Cass.

The Whig State Convention passed resolutions, instructing the delegates from Indiana, in the National Whig Convention, to vote for General Scott and J. J. Crittenden.

KENTUCKY.—The Whig State Convention endorsed the Compromise measures, River and Harbor improvements, Non-Intervention in European affairs, Millard Fillmore, and J. J. Crittenden—recommending Mr. Fillmore for the next Presidency. They stated, however, that they would do their utmost for any nominee of the National Convention. A resolution of solicitude and compliment towards Mr. Clay was also adopted.

GEN. SCOTT.—The Whig members of the Legislature of Delaware have nominated Gen. Scott as the first choice of the Whigs of that State for the Presidency, and recommended that the Whig National Convention be held in Philadelphia on the 17th of June.

GENERAL SCOTT.—The *New York Daily Times* vouches for the correctness of the statement that General Scott was offered the Presidency of Mexico. The Times gives the following particulars:

"It occurred just after General Scott had been recalled by his Government, and peace had been concluded with Mexico. The offer came from the Government of Mexico, and was [illegible]

## Clippings.

[illegible]

☞ The Canals of this State, according to a resolution of the Canal Board, are to be opened on the 12th of March.

☞ The New York Mirror, alluding to Jenny Lind's marriage, says, "Leap year has commenced with a marked event."

☞ The Richmond Chronicle has the following notice of a dancing party:—"All in all it was the most ridiculous affair we ever saw; and our candid opinion of the performers is, that with a little more practice, the girls will be the meanest dancers, and their brother the poorest fiddler we ever heard of."

☞ Dr. Gideon B. Smith, of Baltimore, states that the seventeen year locusts will appear this year in Connecticut, East of the river, and most probably in a portion of Massachusetts. They will also appear in Franklin, Bristol and Hampshire counties, Massachusetts, and especially about Fall River.

☞ The name of Dickens's new story, which was to appear on the first of the month, is "Bleak House."

## TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1, Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *John T. Dent, Dr. J. A. Wadsworth, Alex. R. Laws, James Rutherford, Dr. Lott Edwards, C. M. L. Wiseman, and H. J. Thomas.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for the States of Alabama and Tennessee, assisted by *C. F. Lewis, James O. Lewis, and Samuel D. Lewis.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, Perrin Locke, Jas. Barton, Geo. P. Button, D. E. Goodin, Wm. J. Carey, Isaac M. Bodine, and Walter D. Thompson.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States, and a portion of the State of New York.

MARIAS B. ANGELL collects for us in New York.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]

## Local News.

[illegible]

## THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

## NEW YORK MARKETS, FEB. 28.

[illegible]


RATES OF ADVERTISING.

| | |
|---|---|
| One square (sixteen lines) one insertion, | $2.00 |
| " " " three months, | $15.00 |
| " " " six months, | $25.00 |
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Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.


ALMANAC.

| March, 1852. | SUN RISES | SUN SETS | HIGH WATER | MOON'S PHASES. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6 Saturday, | 6 19 | 5 41 | 2 46 | |
| 7 Sunday, | 6 17 | 5 43 | 3 32 | |
| 8 Monday, | 6 16 | 5 44 | 4 26 | |
| 9 Tuesday, | 6 15 | 5 45 | 5 19 | D. H. M. |
| 10 Wedn'day, | 6 13 | 5 47 | 6 7 | Full 6 12 16 |
| 11 Thursday, | 6 12 | 5 48 | 7 2 | Last 12 3 9 |
| 12 Friday, | 6 11 | 5 49 | 7 56 | New 20 1 23 |
| 13 Saturday, | 6 9 | 5 51 | 8 51 | First 28 1 30 |

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

| | | 9 o'clock. | 12 o'clock. | 3 o'clock. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Feb. | 22 | 33 | 38 | 40 |
| | 23 | 40 | 45 | 47 |
| | 24 | 37 | 47 | 50 |
| | 25 | 45 | 55 | 60 |
| | 26 | 36 | 37 | 40 |
| | 27 | 34 | 38 | 42 |
| | 28 | 33 | 34 | 35 |

## Marriages.

In Lexington, on Thursday, 29th Jan. by the Rev. L. D. Huston, GEORGE WRIGHT, of Frankfort, to Miss M. J. WOOD, of Lexington.

At Rev. residence, in Randolph county, N. C. on the Thursday, 12th of Feb. by the Rev. Isaac Cox, Mr. S. REDDING, to Miss LUCINDA ALDRED.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Ignatius T. Cooper, Mr. JOHN H. AMOS, to Miss EMMA BURNS, all of Philadelphia.

In Milton, Del. on the 12th ult. by the Rev. John L. McKim, ROBERT H. WILLIAMS, of this city, to Miss HANNAH E. PARKER, of the former place.

On Christmas morning, at the American Consulate, Rio Janeiro, by the Rev. C. S. Stewart, of the U. S. Navy, GEORGE RUDGE, Jr. of the house of Maxwell, Wright & Co. of that city, to CHARLOTTE, daughter of the Hon. Edward Kent, American Consul.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Dorborrow, Mr. JOHN MCINTYRE, to Miss HANNAH MCINTYRE, all of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Chas. R. Demme, Mr. JOSEPH WEMBLE, to Miss EMILIE FRIEDAUF, both of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. A. Mecklin, CHARLES FERGUSON, to FANNY R. daughter of the late Alex. Symington.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. R. M. Greenbank, Mr. WILLIAM SIMONS, to Miss SARAH DULL, both of Southwark.

On the 5th ult. by the Hon. Chas. Gilpin, Mayor, BENJ. SHERILL, to SARAH HANSTON, both of Darby.

On the 18th ultimo, at the Church on the Heights, Brooklyn, by the Rev. Dr. Bethune, Mr. J. P. FARLEY, to Miss ROSE ZUNTZ, all of New York.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. T. Stork, Mr. EDWIN CARSON, of New Jersey, to Miss KATE LEWIS, of Philadelphia.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Smith, Jr. Mr. GEORGE LYMAN, to Miss ANNIE O'HARRA.

On the 18th ult. by the Rev. Doctor Clay, D. D., Mr. WILLIAM D. MOORE, to Miss KATE WATSON, daughter of the late Wm. Oliver, Esq. both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Metcalfe, Mr. EMANIEL HEY, of Springfield, Del. county, Pa. to LUCRETIA WINSLOW, of Kensington.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. [illegible]

[illegible]

## Deaths.

[illegible]

## Bank Note List.

[illegible]


# SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

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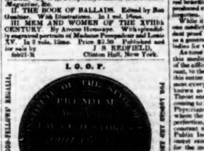

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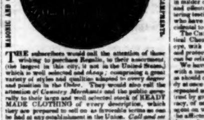

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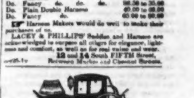

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# Selected Poetry.

## PLOUGH DEEP!

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

Ho! Yeoman! 'tis the time to sow!
Then with your sturdy sinews bend the plough!
Turn up, turn up the fertile soil,
And fast thy fragrant tribute yield!
Toil on the sunshine, toil in the shower!
For where the thunderings utter plays
Below is the grand host of men
The children of the earth we raise!
Plough deep! Plough deep!

Give to thy country and thy God
Tribute by toiling hard on sunny days!
Whether the dew shall come in dill
The lightning flash, or thunder roll,
Turn up, turn up, with patient hand,
The deeper and the better yield!
And rejoice with the grooming wind
Thy hearty voice shall lift and cheer!
Plough deep! Plough deep!

Ho! Yeoman! 'tis the harvest home!
Bring in the golden sheaves!
Come, every soul that dwells on earth
Gather your fruit from earth before you go!
Let all the Freedom with your shouts
A large reward repays my toil
Who filleth thine and thy children's garners to!
Plough deep! Plough deep!

Ho! Driver is the boundless field
Where men are toiling up to you!
Not priceless treasures toil and yield,
While yet the mold is just from
Turn up, turn up, with patient hand,
The deeper and the better yield!
And rejoice with the grooming wind
Thy hearty voice shall lift and cheer!
Plough deep! Plough deep!

Ho! Brother in the old-time wrong
Ho! Laborer in the world's despair!
Come your task-hours with better song!
Toil for Freedom with your sweat!
Turn up, turn up, beneath the weeds,
The deeper and the better yield!
Till from your fallow premises hate
Is dust and rest long to weep!
Plough deep! Plough deep!

Ho! Worker in the world's domain!
Ho! Toiler in our mighty age!
Ho! Thinker in the world's unrest!
Ye who have wrought with head and hand
To whatsoever ends they tend to progress!
Turn up, turn up, with patient hand,
It waits to win the ripest seeds
They shall, in Heaven's own time, give back
To glorious and immortal deeds!
Plough deep! Plough deep!

*Liberal, Lewis and Gazetteer.*

# Selected Articles.

## A BRAVE RESISTANCE.

"There is little danger after all, to be apprehended from rotten fence if a man's nerve and resolution desert him and at the worst. Even if the attacks the odds are infinitely against the assailants. The attempt is usually made in the dead of night; a rubber party or some such easily organized to exercise their offices jollily, and two men stout of purpose and resolute and plentifully supplied with ammunition, are, in my opinion, a fair match for a dozen outside the fence.

"Calm and steady courage does wonders certainly, and even when completely at one's mercy a cool man will rarely be left without some means of defence. The Scotch proverb is 'a true saw 'a gleg (ready) hand never wanted weapon.'

"There was never a better illustration of that truth, than the heroic resistance offered by an aged gentleman in the South of Ireland to a band of ruffians under the most discouraging circumstances.

"Several years ago, when the South of Ireland was, as it has ever been within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, in a state of disorder, a gentleman advanced in years lived in a retired country house. He was a bachelor, and his sister tending to his personal popularity, or magnifying that the general alarm among the gentry was groundless, he maintained his habit to reside no longer than his neighbors had quitted their for a safer residence in town. He had been to dispond for several days, and on the night he was attacked, had taken supper in his bedroom, which was on the ground floor, and lighted a parlor, with which it communicated. The servants went to bed; the house was shut up for the night, and the supper tray, with its appurtenances, by a Providential oversight, were for gotten in the old master's room.

"Some hours after he had retired to bed, he was alarmed at hearing a window lifted in the outer apartment; his chamber-door was ajar, and the moon shone brilliantly through the open casement, rendering objects in the parlor for distinct and perceptible to any person in the inner room. Presently a man stepped through the window, and three others followed him in quick succession. The old gentleman sprung from his bed, but considering there were no arms in the apartment; recollecting, however, the draperies supper tray, he provided himself with a case-knife, and resolutely took his stand behind the open door. He had one advantage over the intruders, they were in full moonlight, and he shrouded in impenetrable dark ness.

"A momentary hesitation took place among the party, who seemed undecided as to which of them should enter the dark room, for, acquainted with the localities of the house, they knew well where the deveted was kept. At last one of the villains cautiously approached, stood for a moment in the door-way, hesitated, advanced a step—not a whisper was heard, a breathless silence reigned around, and the apartment before him was dark as the grave itself. 'Go on, blast ye! What the devil are ye afeerd of?' said the rough voice of an associate behind; he took a second step, and the old man's knife was buried to his heart! No second blow was required, for with a deep groan he rolled a corpse at their feet.

"The obscurity of the chamber, the sudden destruction caused by that deadly threat, prevented the ruffians in the outer room from knowing the fate of their companion. The survivor pressed himself, crossed the threshold, stumbled against the dead man, and received from the old man's knife in his bosom. The wound, though mortal was not so quick as the last, and the ruffian had strength to ejaculate that he was a dead man!

"Instantly several shots were fired, but the old gentleman's position sheltered him from the bullets. A third assassin advanced, and with a deep fowling-piece through the door-way, and accurately rested the barrel against the old man's body His firearm, however, was a double one, and with admirable self-possession, he remained steady until the moment arrived for the trigger, and the ball passed him without injury; but the flash from the gun unfortunately discharged the piece of his assistant. They commenced a desperate struggle—the robber, a powerful and athletic ruffian, cursed and called his victim accursed the body—there was no equality between them—the contest was short and deadly, and although the old man struck often and fearfully with his knife, the blows were ineffectual, and he was overpowered by the strength of the murderer above him. Even then, at the moment, his presence of mind saved the life of the gentleman. He found that the blade of the knife had turned, and he contrived to straighten it upon the floor. The ruffian's throat was cut already upon his throat—the pressure became suffocating—a few moments more and the contest must have ended; but an accidental movement of his body exposed to the moonlight, and the old man struck with his remaining strength a deadly blow—the robber's grasp relaxed—and with a yell of mortal agony, he rolled across with his exhausted antagonist!

"Horror struck by the death shriek of their comrades, the bandits wanted courage to enter that gloomy chamber which had been already fatal to so many of them, and fled across the valley in, and leaping through the open window, ran off, leaving their fallen companions be hind them."

"Lighted bed sentence very promptly—the chamber was a pond of gore, and the old man, mostly in a state of insensibility, was conveyed to his bed, and surrounded by the whole household bodies of his intended murderers. He recovered, however, to enjoy for many years his self-possession, and to receive from the Irish Viceroy the honor of Knighthood, which never was conferred upon a braver man."

SCHOLAR FAST.—MISS MITFORD, in her late book of literary reminiscences, gives this anecdote:—'now to the English prelate," and not altogether flattering, we may add, to the American, not having fallen in our field of observation, of the honors of a popular poet. "Professor Longfellow's residence at Cambridge," says she—"a picturesque, old wooden house, has belonging to it the proudest historical association of which America can boast: it was the head-quarters of Washington. One aged poet chanced to take a look out of his window, and saw by the vague starlight, a figure, dressed in a military cloak, with all were present. Slowly he passed before the house, and then returned, and then again passed by, after which neither horse nor rider was seen or heard of. Could it really be Washington? or was it some frolic-manœuvrer summoning his honored form? For my part I hold firmly to the ghastly side of the story, as did my informant, also a poet and an American, and ot worthy to behold the spectre of Washington as Professor Longfellow himself.—*New York Literary World.*

# Wit and Humor.

## THE PRESIDENTIAL QUESTION.

FROM THE CARPET-BAG.

PROPOSITION.—Of Succession.—We notice that the politicians at Washington are very busy, and the papers are very busy with them. We see the organ of Judge Stebbings, we have our eye upon that paper every day, and we think it is the most reliable paper in the country. We read more than all the rest. Gen. Cass, Gen. Scott, Gen. Pierce, Gen. Taylor—Gen. Gen. may be the right word, but we don't think so. But they will rush nothing with the people; so long as the Carpet-Bag is in the field. This Presidential question is not going to be settled by the organized interests or by political caucus. Let the sentiment explode over—sprung from the people—and then we shall see the election of Harrison and Tyler, and take warning. How was the election of Jackson? Did Congress elect him? Did the politicians prefer him? No. He was the people's choice, and all efforts to modify the popular sentiment with many eloquent and learned speeches, by the people, in spite of political clogue, he is the man, and nothing else. Stebbings is not one of this class. He trusts the people. He has confidence in the intelligence of the million! He is not going to be the tool of the designing political lawyers or to